

LOVE TESTED AND FOUND TRUE.

A Fourth of July Story In Which
Cupid Plays a Prominent Part.

By MAY HALSEY MILLER.

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That Chester Trowbridge was in love he would not acknowledge even to himself.

He had first met Miss Collingwood at a tea given by one of his girl friends at her studio, and, despite what Mrs. Tom had said concerning her friend's beauty, he was unprepared for so much loveliness.

He had been promptly introduced by Mrs. Tom, who had made a particular point of making the two acquainted, and her eagerness perhaps accounted for a slight reserve in Miss Collingwood's manner toward the young man, or the coolness might have been due to the mental attitude of a much admired



"I HAD NO REASON TO EXPECT THIS."

young woman toward all recent masculine acquaintances.

"Mrs. Tom has spoken so often to me of you that I feel as if we"—

"Mrs. Tom?" There was interrogation in her tone and slightly raised eyebrows.

"Yes; Mrs. Tom—Mrs. Walker, of course. You see, Tom having been my chum since we were boys!"

"Oh, I understand."

He did not continue the interrupted sentence, but stood awaiting her pleasure in the choice of a subject.

"I suppose you are used to this kind of thing," she remarked at length.

"Oh, yes," he replied indifferently. Then, detecting a little smile of almost contemptuous tolerance on her pretty mouth, he wished he had answered differently.

"Where I live the young men have something else to do with their afternoons."

It was certainly not encouraging. They met often after that. It seemed to Trowbridge that the Walkers were constantly bringing them together.

As time went on he found himself accepting invitations on the chance of meeting Miss Collingwood, though he had decided from the first that he could under no circumstances enter the ranks of her suitors.

Among the few mistaken ideas Trowbridge entertained concerning himself was a belief in his own cynicism, which was in reality the suppressed cry for love and happiness.

Chester Trowbridge was heart hungry and did not recognize the symptoms in the quickened pulse at the sight of Caryl Collingwood and the feeling of general dissatisfaction when several days passed without seeing her. He acknowledged to himself that he was fascinated by her beauty; that it was a pure delight to him to watch the varying changes of her expressive countenance. It was the artistic delight that the sight of her beauty afforded him that made him seek occasion to meet her.

He had assured himself of this fact so often that he was almost ready to believe it, and so securely entrenched was he in his determination not to woo a woman who could not return his affection in some degree at least, so firm in his conviction that her own beauty must always count most in the heart of a beautiful woman, that he allowed himself the sweet intoxication of her presence whenever possible.

Then one night when he chanced to be alone with her he found himself begging for her love, or, in default of that, for permission to love her.

"Such love as mine," he pleaded, "must be sufficiently fruitless to awaken love in the heart of any woman."

As she listened to him there was a look in her eyes that he had never seen there before, something that set his heart to wildly throbbing, and before he was conscious of what he was doing he found himself in possession of her hand and pouring out to her all the love of his starved heart.

She tried to withdraw her hand, and when she could make him hear her she said quietly:

"I am sorry. I had no reason to expect this."

He quickly relinquished her hand and rose to his feet.

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The two persons to whom a woman's voice can be sweetest are a small baby she loves and a large woman she hates.

Industry is the watchdog that keeps the wolf from the door.

"Pardon me," he said, "though you must acknowledge that I am not without excuse. It is but the common tribute to a beautiful woman's charm that she has every right to expect."

"Yes," she replied coldly: "we will regard it simply as that—the tribute of an idler to the charms of a mere society beauty." There was irony in her cool, even tones, while her eyes were looking straight into the dimness of the room.

The weeks wore on, and the Walkers removed to their summer home, whither Chester received a pressing invitation to spend the Fourth of July, so pressing, in fact, as to amount to a command.

"Little Tom wants to see his 'Nuncle' Chester," had been the concluding words.

Not versed in the ways of very small boys, Trowbridge provided himself with a supply of crackers and fireworks for the two-and-a-half-year-old son of the Walker family not at all commensurate with that young gentleman's years.

He was entirely unprepared for the sight of Miss Collingwood on the Walkers' broad piazza.

"Ere's Nuncle Chester!" came in sweet, jubilant tones, and a little flying figure with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair precipitated itself in Trowbridge's arms.

"Hello, little man," and Chester lifted him up on his shoulder. Raising his hat with his free hand, he made his way thus lumbered up the steps, the childish prattle relieving the situation of acute embarrassment.

"You have a rival in Tom's affections," said Mrs. Walker to Miss Collingwood.

After dinner they sat on the piazza, little Tom being allowed to sit up later than his usual hour in honor of Chester's arrival. The two gentlemen sat smoking and chatting where the smoke of their cigars would not reach the ladies. Tom was running up and down the path in front of the house in all the exuberance of his few years. A boy appeared with a box the contents of which greatly excited the child's interest.

"Put the box down on the steps," directed Chester, giving the boy a coin.

"What's got in de box?" demanded little Tom, his face alight with interest.

"You'll see tomorrow," answered Trowbridge, and then continued his conversation with the child's father.

Little Tom, finding his quest for information ignored and objecting to the delay arbitrarily imposed, promptly climbed the steps and entered into an investigation on his own account. He removed the wrapping paper and with his small, nimble fingers succeeded in pushing back the sliding cover, disclosing to his ravished view various packages of different colors and sizes. These invited closer inspection, and he proceeded to take them out of the box and deposit them on the step beside him. Suddenly he came to something which seemed to afford him great satisfaction and which he evidently thought he recognized, for he breathed ecstatically. "Big cigar!" He put the large firecracker to his lips and began "mokin' like fader." In the fast gathering twilight little Tom's notions passed unobserved.

He glanced about him in proud consciousness of his manly attitude, when his eyes were arrested by the sight of smoke issuing from his father's lips. He puffed and exhaled "like fader" but without like results. A match was all that was needed, and this coveted article he discovered under Trowbridge's chair, where it had been inadvertently dropped.

A moment sufficed for the match to find its way into the chubby fingers of the baby boy, who scratched it and applied the flame to the fuse of the cracker, which immediately ignited.

There was a rush of skirts, and Caryl Collingwood, who had heard the scratching of the match, dashed the cracker out of the child's hands and picked him up in her arms. In her haste she had not noticed the direction of the burning cracker, which fell into the box of explosives. There was a crackling and sputtering, and the flying sparks flew to the crackers on the step and caught the soft, dusky skirts of the young woman, the draft made by her flying feet quickly fanning the sparks into a brisk flame that leaped upward toward her face. Finding herself afire, she dropped the child on the grass and quickly retreated, to find herself in Chester's arms. He began beating out the flames with his hands, Walker coming quickly to his aid, taking off his coat as he ran. The flames were soon extinguished, but Miss Collingwood lay unconscious in Chester's arms. Together they carried her into the house and laid her on the lounge in the library. Mrs. Walker had already telephoned for a doctor, but by the time he arrived the young lady had regained consciousness. She was carried to her room and put to bed, while Chester restlessly paced the piazza, impatiently awaiting the doctor's reappearance to learn the worst regarding the injured girl.

When he finally appeared Trowbridge eagerly questioned him concerning the extent of Miss Collingwood's injuries and was much reassured by the doctor's report that they were not serious and that she would be about in a few days.

It was not till then that Trowbridge showed his own hands, which had been causing him acute pain, but which in his anxiety for Miss Collingwood he had scarcely heeded.

"It was lucky for her that you acted so promptly," remarked the doctor as he was dressing Chester's hands. "A moment more and she might not only have been disfigured for life, but lost life itself."

At the time Chester paid little attention to the words "disfigured for life." He thought it merely one of

the possibilities, but later those words took on a dreadful significance.

The Fourth was spent quietly at the Walkers'. Mrs. Walker devoting the whole day to Miss Collingwood, whom she regarded as the savior of her child's life, while Walker took Trowbridge out for a long ride in his new automobile. Chester sat alone on the piazza in the evening, when he heard his name called softly.

He rose and was about to enter the house through the front door when he heard again:

"Mr. Trowbridge, won't you please come in here for a moment?"

"Where is here?" he asked.

"In the library."

He quickly entered the room through the window and saw the form of Miss Collingwood lying on the lounge. Her face was partially concealed by a bandage. She put out her hand as he approached, but when she saw his swathed in bandages she gave a low cry.

"Oh, I didn't know you were hurt!" she said.

"It is nothing," replied Trowbridge quickly. "I am very glad to see you downstairs so soon. I had thought it would be some days before you would be sufficiently recovered."

"I could not rest another night without seeing you," she answered softly. "Without seeing me?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes, and thanking you."

"Oh, that's all right!" he interrupted. "But that's not all. Won't you sit down? I can talk to you better when you are on my level," she said, with an attempt to speak lightly.

He sat down on a low chair by her side.

"I want to tell you that I misjudged you once." She spoke quickly, as if she feared her courage might fail if she did not get it over at once. "I thought you a trifler, a mere idler, a dangler after pretty women and—"

"Was that the reason why you treated me so coldly?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes; I didn't know—Mrs. Walker said—"

"What did Mrs. Walker say?"

"That you were a worshiper of beauty, that your mother was a remarkably beautiful woman and that you expected your wife to be as lovely."

"But you are," he said quickly.

"Yes; that's what I knew—No, no, I didn't mean that—"

"But what do you mean?"

"A woman does not want to be loved for her beauty alone. Suppose she were to lose it?" Her tone was almost eager.

"My darling, then you could love me?"

"You love my beauty?"

"Because it is a part of yourself."

"But if I were to lose it?" she whispered.

"Then should I love you the more, for I should feel that you were wholly mine."

"But would I not be anyway?"

Then he told her of his fears, of the complete surrender of his heart to her despite his determination not to permit himself to love her, and then when he had seen her quick action in the face of danger to a little child, her forgetfulness of self, of beauty, of even life, he had realized that the wisdom of the heart is superior to that of the reason.

She gave a low, happy laugh and pulled his face down to hers.

"And I loved you from almost the very first, but I, like you, fought against my love. I feared that I was loved for my beauty alone, and when



"I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I MISJUDGED YOU ONCE."

this accident happened and my face was burned!"

Then Trowbridge remembered what the doctor had said—that her life might have been the forfeit of her act and not only her beauty.

"My poor little darling," he said, nestling her in his arms, oblivious of the pain in his hands, "you will be dearer to me than ever."

There was a patter of little feet, a small form buried itself against the lounge, two chubby hands pushed Chester aside, and two fat arms went about Caryl's neck.

"Take 'em off," he said, pulling at the bandage.

Chester seized his hands.

"You will hurt Auntie Caryl," he said quickly.

"No, no, he won't hurt me; the burns are really nothing! We'll take off the old things!" she said and revealed a blushing face that had not been touched by the flames. "I wanted to be sure," she murmured. "I was jealous of my own face."

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"TIGERS" TO VOTE

CHARLESTON AUTHORITIES ARRESTING ILLEGAL SELLERS.

Injunctions Against Unlawful Traffic Are Disregarded or Evaded. Unique Situation in "The City."

It was learned Saturday that the magistrates of Charleston will issue warrants on Monday for the arrest of a number of blind tigers with the purpose in view of binding them over to the court of general sessions. This is in accord with the strong protest which the grand jury made a few weeks ago on the methods of the operation of the dispensary law in Charleston.

The blind tigers are now lining up with the prohibition followers in Charleston.

They make no secret of their opinion that with prohibition they will be able to operate just as they please and that the city will not be able to reach them, even to the extent of fining them periodically, as is done, and thus collecting from them some revenue for what their unlawful business takes away from the sales of the dispensary.

The authorities are probably beginning to see the error of their ways now and the law will probably be applied to the tigers. With the arrest of the blind tigers and commitment for trial, things will be lively in Charleston, for the tigers have not been disturbed by such process of law in many years. The action will strengthen the hands of the State authorities and allow for the placing of a few more dealers in jail on contempt proceedings, for some of the enjoined people seem to think the supreme court proceedings a sort of a joke and pay no regard to the orders, their establishments running now as before, simply with a change of the nominal proprietor and the place of business to some other stand in the immediate neighborhood of former operation.

BOB EVANS URGES PATRIOTISM.

Tells Naval Apprentices to be True to the Flag and Honor Women.

"You ought to be proud to be in a profession which required you to die, if need be for your country," said Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., retired, as he handed certificates of promotion to those of the naval apprentices brigade at Newport, R. I., who last Sunday became petty officers. "Be true to yourself and your flag and your country and honor women. Be thoughtful and courteous to them and do your full duty."

The scene was most impressive as the Admiral, crippled by an old civil war wound, leaned forward in his carriage and addressed the 1,200 boys in their spotless white uniforms drawn up on the parade ground. The entire available force of the training station turned out to receive Admiral Evans, and at the conclusion of the presentation of certificates to the petty officers, the brigade sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

LAWMAKERS FIGHT.

Member of the House and the Speaker Cross Rapier.

A dispatch from Havanaysa a duel was fought Sunday by Col. Orestes Ferrera, president of the House of Representatives, and Senor Monleon, a representative, as the outcome of sharp words, which were exchanged on Friday between the two men in the House. Rapier were used, and both Col. Ferrera and Senor Monleon received slight injuries, whereupon honor was satisfied.

The encounter followed a challenge sent by Col. Ferrera in consequence of alleged offensive expressions used by Senor Monleon on the floor of the House, when he accused the Speaker of lack of respect to the members of the House.

Texas Giant Dead.

Col. H. C. Thurston, known as the Texas giant, believed to have been the tallest American, seven feet, nine inches in height, a Confederate soldier under Gen. Price, is dead at his home at Vernon, Texas, aged 77. He is the father of four children, one son being over seven feet tall.

Not the Body of Ling.

The body supposed at first to be that of a Chinese, which was found in the Hudson river at New York, was not that of Leon Ling, who is charged with the murder of Elsie Sigel. After an autopsy Dr. Thomas Curtin, coroner's physician, declared the body was that of a white boy not more than 16 years old.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man likes you to think he's smart because the candidate he voted for got elected.

The reason a stout woman doesn't expect to keep on getting fatter is she keeps right on.

A girl is almost as much flattered by having a man propose to her as his sending her a box of flowers.

There's nothing that can influence a man to take a present home to his wife so strongly as a guilty conscience.

You can spend an awful lot of money educating a boy to reason about one-tenth as well as he could do before by instinct.

All the money a man would make in one form of investment he loses in another.

The more mistakes a man makes the luckier he is if none of them were to get married.

Where a girl is smart is knowing how many more beaux she can have by being pretty without the brains.

REUNITED BY PICTURE.

Brother and Sister Meet Under Peculiar Circumstances.

A dispatch from Atlanta says the publication of a photograph of Edgar Allen Poe, which had been an heirloom in a Virginia family, resulted in the reuniting of two members of this family, a brother and sister, who had been separated for seventeen years. The photograph was published by A. C. Snyder. Mrs. D. S. Webb, his sister, living less than four blocks from him, was struck by the resemblance of the photograph to the old picture with which she was familiar, and after becoming convinced that her brother was its possessor, sent for him without letting him know her identity. He did not recognize her when she met him at the door, but asked for her husband. When she called him by an old boyish nickname he stared in surprise and then knew her to be his sister.

Smart Electors.

At an open air political meeting in the north of England, a man cried, "Hurrah for Jackson!" to which a bystander replied sarcastically, "Hurrah for a jackass!" "All right, my friend," exclaimed the first speaker, "You can hurrah for your candidate, and I'll do the same for mine!"

All electors are not so gifted, as the following experience of a canvasser in Devonshire clearly indicates:

"Whom are you voting for, my good fellow?" he asked.

"I vote for the lady."

"But there is no lady candidate standing."

"Well," replied Hodge, "Poll Early comes on my voting paper before the names of the two men, and I thought I'd vote for her. See!" Chambers' Journal.

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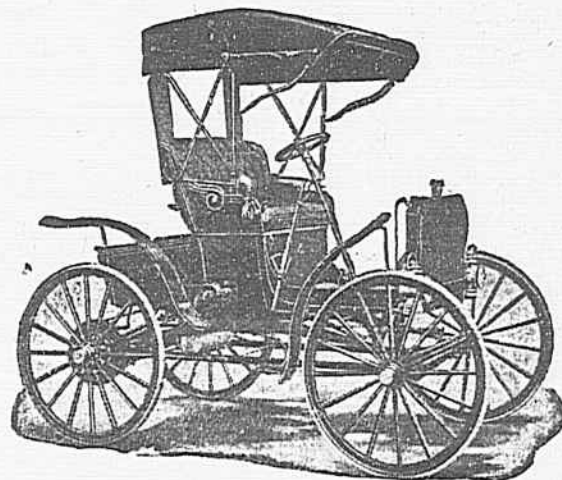
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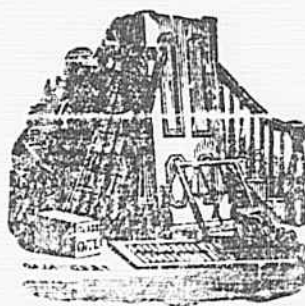
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